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VOL. I.
No. 5.

CITY

December 17,
1875.

JACKDAW



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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 5.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1875.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SINGIT SHEEP'S HEAD.

BEING THE TRUE TALE OF THE DORSET STREET TRAGEDY.

WEEL, Luckie, I maun jist mak a clean briest o't, for I've been leevin in fear and tremblin' since that awfu' parrygraph appeared i' the Weekly Scotsman last Setterday, copied, as I'm tauld, frae the Mainchester Courier. A Whitechapel mystery, forsooth! There was mystery enouch aboot it nae doot, though the affair was innocent in it's beginnin's, an', thanks to that penny-a-liner deevil, I'll maybe swing yet for my sma' share in the bit splore. But we were mair the victims than the perpetrators of the trawgedy, I may tell ye. I got off scot free—thanks to a gleg use o' a guid pair o' heels—but as for Sandy M'Alpine, Heaven only can tell, or the ither place, whaur he may hae got to.

Weel, guid wife, ye may ken in the efternoon followin' oor spree in celebration o' oor pawtron saint at the Falstaff. I forgerthered at the Tullochgorum wi' Sandy. Like me he was muckle disgusted wi' the failure o' the meetin'—frae a Scotch pint o' view, I mean—and particularly with the bill o' fare, which, as I explained before, was purely English. We lamented owre the decay o' naytional customs, and the decadence o' the Kirk, and the awfu' ignorance an' carelessness o' the English upon maitters ecclesiawtical, until we fairly crackit oorsels hungry again. But faith oor purses were by this time nearly toom, and we hadna' amang us as mickle as wud pay the score for any ordinar' English meal at a rest-a-rang. So we streekit oor beards, an' made up oor minds to toddle hamewards, whaur I for ane expectit bit could comfort, for my lanleddy is a bit dorty, and since I have firmly resisted her Delilah invitations in my ain person, she aye suspects the warst whan there's ony appawrent irregularity in my conduct. Hooever, as we passed doon Stretford Road, what should we see lyin', apparently cast aside, on a block in a butcher's shop window, bit a dainty sheep's heid,—nowther owre big nor owre wee—it might ha' been a big lammies, or a wee Welsh sheep's—bit jist enouch fine confuised feedin', as they say, for twa o' us. "Man," says Sandy, wi' his lips waterin', "here's oor chance, d'ye think we could stealt't. This he whispert lown. The suggestion made me start, and for a moment Sawtan nearly had the better o' me—for at the time we were entirely unobserved,—but I resisted the auld carle, an' at aince tabooed the lawless proposal. "Na, na, Sandy lad," says I, "honesty's aye the best policy; let us buy the bit beastie's heid, and the honest tradesman'll maybe gie us tick." "Tick," says Sandy, "happy thoct, haena ye a watch man?" Weel, I didna like the thoct o' poppin' the auld turnep that my decent auld grandfather (rest an' bless him!) gie me when I set ort, aye aucht an' twenty years noo, for the sectivation in Mainchester here, whaur he thoct my fortune was made. But the sheep's heid, lookit savoury, an' my wheestle was dry as a kiln, an', to mak a lang story short, the watch went, an' the heid was coorn, aye, an' a guid quart o' the rale Cairngorm as weel.

The next question, hevin' got oor heid, was how to cook it. There was nae need, I kent fu' weel, to ca' at my ain door, for my lanleddy wad hae thrown the thing oot on the midden. Ignorant sumph that she is, she ken's na the virtue o' sheep's heid. The mode o' cookin is owre intricate for her, and in fact, she canna be fashed wi' naethin' bit what she ca's "plain rost an' biled." Sandy was nae verra shure either. His mither could ha cook'd the heid weel enouch, but he was na in her guid books, an' the smell an' reek o' the singin o't, would aggravate her naturally wrathful disposition. We ance thoct o' ca'in in upon you, Mistress McTavish, an we might hae dune, but ye see there was only pickin' for twa; and the

fack is Sandy was a kind o' half fuddle't, an' I was na sure aboot intro-jucin' him. But luckily I bethocht me o' that toom hoose in Dorset Street, that you and me were lookin' at thegither twa or three days before, hinny, and thinks I if we could but get a bucket o' coals, a poker, an' a wee pan, the deed's dune. An' so we did lass—at least for a poker we got an iron rollin' pin, an' we made a roosin fire, and we bizzed our sheep's heid, an' we biled it, aye cheerin' oor task wi a bit sook at the bottle, an' rale guid stuff it was. Weel, the heid was fairly weel done at last, and we set to work an' picked at it like twa corbies. We made a guid meal, and we drank a guid glass, and the foo-er we got, we became the mair britherly. What does the immortal Robbie say?—

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

Sandy in fack became uproarious, and his daurin profanity began to mak me eerie. Our supply o' coals had run oot. The fire was wearin' low, and the white bleacht bones we had cuist on the back o't, gleamed a ghaistly white in the red glow wherein they were crumblin' to their oreiginal dust. Oor shadows were magnifeed on the wa', and Sandy's wild laughin' and antic gesture—for he was rantin' an' spoutin' like a play-actor—were reflectit wi' fearsome grotesqueness. I remonstrated wi' him as weel as I could, bit naethin' would dae. He grew waur and waur, and jist as twall struck, wi' a quick licht stroke in some neibour's hoose, he was bellowin' oot wi' a' his pith—

"Wi' tippenny we fear na evil,
Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the ——"

The door did na' open, but in a moment I became aware o' a Presence, and a strange stuffy brimstony smell filled the apartment. The Deil, for 'twas nane else, made a grab at Sandy, an' I fainted awa'. When I awoke, which must ha' been at skriegh o' day, Sandy was gane, the fire was oot, and when I hurried fra the house, there was naethin left behind but The Charred Bones o' a Sheep's Heid, and a Bloody Rolling Pin.

CHAMOND JOCK.

DOUGHT AN M.P. TO BE IMPRISONED FOR DEBT?

MR. ELLIS EYTON, the member for Rhyl, has fallen upon evil times in the history of political life in England, and future generations will deplore the fiat which has gone forth that a Member of Parliament ought to be imprisoned for debt. Mr. Eyton's only fault seems to be that he is not in a position to pay his wine bill, and though he admits the debt, and pleads that he is "privileged" as a Member of Parliament, Mr. Horatio Lloyd, County Court Judge, holds that he is subject, like other men, to be committed to prison under a judgment summons. The case seems a truly hard one. Here is Mr. Eyton, who, without reward, undertakes to help to make laws for the government of our common country; who is entrusted with the representation of the majority of the good people of Rhyl, and yet, strange to say, this great legislator and philanthropist is to be sent to prison simply because he is not in a position to pay for the enjoyment of one of those luxuries which are essential to every well-bred gentleman. But one of the hardest points in the case has yet to be stated. Besides being an M.P., Mr. Eyton enjoys the honourable distinction of being registrar of a county court, for the holding of which office he receives £200 a year; and no doubt in that capacity he often, most impartially, puts the law in force whenever any poor wretch comes before him who seeks to evade the payment of his debts. And yet Mr. Lloyd threatens to send Mr. Eyton to prison. Sending Mr. Eyton to

prison means, however, more than depriving Rhyl of a representative and a county court of a registrar. It cuts him off, for a time, from many valuable institutions and banks with which his name is connected. It means something to Manchester. Mr. Eyton's name appears as a director of the Rhyl Winter Gardens, Aquarium, Land and Building Company Limited, and the possible withdrawal of his practical advice, for a time, from that directorate, might have the effect—only let us heartily hope not—of slightly delaying a scheme which promises so much for those who make Rhyl their summer retreat.

THE MANCHESTER SLAVE MARKET.

THE *Jackdaw*, ever on the wing in pursuit of knowledge interesting to its readers, made the round of the theatres, a few days ago, to pick up any unconsidered scraps relating to the pantomimes, and at one of them witnessed a sight that turned a stomach that may not be over squeamish. If the sight had been seen in Cairo, or in Charlestown ten years ago, it would have been described in glowing indignation by a virtuous press as a slave market of the most hateful type. Ranged in the capacious pit of the theatre stood rows and groups of young women—white slaves offering their persons for exhibition on hire—and before them two or three cynical-looking men, who criticised their points, and backed their opinions by a free handling of the subjects, which would scarcely have been tolerated, with regard to their cattle, by the exhibitors of fat-stock at the recent Pomona show. One was rejected for a clumsy ankle; another for a lanky leg; a third because she was flat-chested; and so on. So long as people will throng to see exhibitions of half-naked women, and, unhappily, girls, forced, we would fain hope, by their poverty rather than their will, to consent for hire to this melancholy means of earning a livelihood, we suppose that some preliminary inspection of candidates for the front row must be made. But it is not necessary that the inspector should be a man. There are modest women, who dance in ballet or walk in processions in a pantomime, to whom such an ordeal as we have described must be inexpressibly painful. Its hardening and blunting effect upon the careless is indescribable. If we cannot have legitimate drama, but an exhibition alternating between the music hall and the circus, on our once classic stage, may not this particular department we have described be relegated by even the most conscientious, painstaking, and enterprising manager to a mistress of the ballet?

CHESHIRE MAGISTRATES, COCKFIGHTING AND OTHER OFFENCES.

THE neighbouring county is rich in the possession of magistrates who keep their names pretty well before the public. The magistrates of Cheshire are pre-eminently distinguished for a love of what are called the good old English sports. They are of opinion, with Admiral Rous, that the practice of cockfighting is a noble and exhilarating pursuit, calculated to enrich the manly qualities of those witnessing it, elevate the moral susceptibilities, and restore the long lost national tone. This may be so, but we are inclined to think that cockfighting propensities can merely be quoted as a coincidence in the case of Mr. THOMAS ANTROBUS, of Reckery Hall, Bollington, near Macclesfield, whose strength and valour is so great that it gave no less than five persons great trouble, a short time since, to put the handcuffs on him. Of this gentleman, who still adorns the Cheshire Bench, more anon. We would, in the meantime, heartily congratulate the county of Cheshire on its magistrates, one of whom recently got off scot free after shooting a man, while to others belongs the proud distinction of having escaped justice in the matter of a recent gathering, whereat gamecocks were pitted freely against one another. We are also informed that the Noble Peer who issued gloriously from a window on that occasion was a Cheshire magnate. It was not in connection with these manly sports, however, that THOMAS ANTROBUS, Esq., J.P., after a severe struggle, came to grief. His offence was one which will probably

not raise him in the estimation even of Cheshire magistrates, and of which all the Manchester daily newspapers, save one, shrank from reporting the details. He has paid the penalty of this offence, namely, two pounds, and therefore we do not want to be hard upon him. If, however, Mr. Cross allows Mr. Antrobus to continue on the Bench, it is to be hoped that this magistrate will do as he has been done by, as a Christian (muscular, of the good old Cheshire sort) ought to do. It was rather hard on him though, after making him pay two pounds for what he did, to extort from him £25 more for assaulting the police. In dismissing THOMAS ANTROBUS, Esq., J.P., and the other members of the Bench, which is until further notice honoured by his presence, we cannot help complimenting the Manchester police magistrates on the nice discrimination and tact which shine forth in their remarkable decision in this truly remarkable case.

THAT FISHERMAN.

[BY A PHILOSOPHIC LUNATIC.]

THE winter sky was chill and grey,
Adown the vale I took my way,
Beside the river's lonely brink,
In solitude to muse and think.

No sign of life was there to see,
No bird was seen in bush or tree,
The river's voice was all that spoke,
No other sound the silence broke.

When suddenly, afar, I spied
An aged person by the tide,
And much I wondered there to see
That person sitting dolefully.

And coming nearer, I beheld
How in his hand a rod he held;
Moreover, I was fain to note,
His eyes were fixed upon a float.

Says I, "You lonesome, aged party,
Your aspect's anything but hearty,
It seems to me this kind of sport
Is not of an exciting sort."

That lonely fisher raised his eyes
In fretful haste, appealing-wise;
"I wish," says he, "that you'd be quiet,
How can they bite with all this riot?"

I sat me down upon the shore,
And watched him fish an hour or more;
At length I said, "It's very clear
There are not any fishes here."

Says he, "How can you go on so?
I caught one here not long ago;
No fishes! why, they're here in plenty,
I've caught a score since I was twenty."

For even when I was a boy
To fish it was my only joy;
And since the time I was a lad
Many a splendid bite I've had.

And every day I fish away,
From dewy morn to twilight grey;
Of late, my prospects have been bright—
Last week I had another bite.

And now I only have the wish
To live to catch another fish,
And then I'll lay my tackle by,
And go and die contentedly.

Now, when I heard that fisherman
Propose this most eccentric plan,
Thinks I, "It's useless to revile him,
He's just escaped from some asylum."

And so I feigned intense surprise,
And said to him in soothing wise,
Who would have thought there were so many!
It's glorious fun, I'll bet a penny.

"But now," I said, "how glad I'd be,
If you would take a walk with me,"—
In hopes that thus I might beguile him
Back to his Lunatic Asylum.

But even as I spoke a change
Came o'er his features weird and strange;
"Hooray!" says he, "I feel another,
I've got him! no, he's off, oh, bother!"

"That was the biggest fish," says he,
"That ever you or I did see,
I really made quite sure I'd got him,"
Says I, "that time it was the bottom."

This statement caused his gall to rise,
Says he, "you think you're very wise,
Allow me this remark to pass,
It's my belief that you're an ass."

This made me feel a little vexed,
And so I said, "I'm much perplexed
At how you managed to get out,
Whatever were your friends about?"

On hearing this, that fisher lone
Began exploring for a stone,
And guessing at his purpose dire,
I thought it prudent to retire.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A CARROT.

SUGAR can be extracted out of carrots, and why not sentiment? Although as far as I can see at present this sermon will shape itself, not into a sentimental but a political one. It is a remarkable instance of the superiority of nature over science, or, if you like better, of instinct over reason, that, long before men ever dreamed of associating a carrot with anything but boiled beef, the donkeys found out that carrots contained sugar. Now, why donkeys are fond of sugar I do not know, but I do know that among donkeys the appetite for any particular kind of food may be taken as convincing proof that that food is good for that animal. If you throw upon the ground, under a donkey's nose, a turnip and a carrot, the quadruped will neglect the former vegetable, and munch, with avidity, the latter. Then, if he cannot get any more carrots, he will turn his attention to the turnip. The political parallel to be drawn from this commonplace illustration is not, as you may suppose, that the British public are donkeys, but that they are fond of sweets. Hence it is that the menu of a political banquet invariably includes carrots as a principal dish. The carrot is an insidious dish. You get your sugar impalpably, as the donkey does, by the force of instinct. Now, what is instinct in a donkey or in a man I cannot tell you. I only know that donkeys and men are governed by it in far more similar proportions than are apparent to most philosophers. See the Liberal and Conservative leaders each hanging out their seductive carrots under the nose of that political donkey, the British public, the Radical turnip rolling in the mud under the donkey's feet. The donkey being a reasoning animal, according to his lights, and not able to ascertain, at a glance, the sugar-containing quantities of all carrots presented to him, chooses the largest. Oh, reason! oh, logic! unhappily for you the largest carrots do not contain the greatest amount of sugar. They are often past their prime and sapless. It is the sap that makes the sugar, you know. Still, as a general rule, the British political donkey will run after the largest carrot. Perhaps it smells more enticingly, who knows? Perhaps it is merely the size which allures, but the fact remains. The whole science of politics,

now-a-days, is but the practice of brandishing carrots under the nose of a donkey, and the donkey, always obedient to some mysterious instinct implanted in him, chooses the biggest vegetable. Should the Liberal carrot-bed be for a time scant and unprolific, then for the time the donkey chews patiently of the large and splendid assortment produced from the Conservative hot-beds. By-and-bye these Tory carrots grow old and tough and stringy, and in the meantime the Liberal carrots having reached maturity, the donkey cocks his ears, turns round, and attacks, assiduously, the supply offered by a Liberal purveyor. Thus it is that the government of this great country is carried on. The people are in the position of a donkey between two carrot-beds, and the Government and the Opposition hold the place of rival gardeners. Nature, however, holding the balance evenly, has ordained, with a view to the eternal perplexity of that donkey, that seasons shall vary, times change, and failures in the crop occur. Perplexity is the soul of politics, and is recognised as such by nature. Now, why all carrots are of the same colour, or at least sufficiently similar in colour to deceive a donkey, I do not know, unless the reason be that without deception there would be no politics, and without politics the British public would be about as miserable as a donkey debarred from carrots. If anyone tells me that there must be some donkeys who never taste carrots, I reply, that with those I have nothing to do, let them graze and be thankful.

HANDS UP IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

	Is the Co-	
	Tick	
Richard	Bank	Oakley
	Of London a Swindle?	
	Banner	
	18 p. c.	

WHAT IS A RADICAL?

ANSWER: A person who is neither a Liberal nor a Conservative. A person who is not ashamed to own and cherish publicly the whims and crotchets and doubts with which all men are plagued, but which the generality stamp down and repress, and even try to smother, as the worst part of their nature. It is in consequence of the truth of this definition that the few Radicals, who make any respectable ending at all, become either moderate and safe Liberals, like John Bright, or dwindle into impotent would-be disturbers of society, like Bradlaugh. Jacob Bright is a curious specimen of the man hanging, in a transition stage, between the two ends of Radicalism; inclined, anon, to go the whole hog, and get into bad company, and, anon, urged by his better angel to trample on the dangerous theories which have misled so many who have tried to find the root of political wisdom in their own lowest political instincts. Perhaps there is no person who makes so much noise in the world without being listened to as your Radical. His noise is a necessary evil among the great ramifications of public utterances which the tree of progress has put forth. He, above all others, invites argument, and, when he succeeds in getting an opponent, stifles all discussion by denying all premises whatever, human or divine. He will admit nothing, and believes in nothing, yet from nothing he will raise a fabric to astonish the universe. He will, out of the nothingness of his own beliefs, spin out projects which, in the twinkling of an eye, shall revolutionise humanity. All he wants for their accomplishment is that other people shall believe as he does. A modest proposal, truly worthy of the man who believes, with unconscious irony, that the universe is as empty as his own brain-pan. But there is some use in Radicalism, at least it helps to illustrate that principle which is begotten from want of principle, can only generate a kind of hybrid among political convictions, fit only for the purpose of a scarecrow.

A NEW NAME FOR THE DOCTORS.—Feesischians.

prison means, however, more than depriving Rhyl of a representative and a county court of a registrar. It cuts him off, for a time, from many valuable institutions and banks with which his name is connected. It means something to Manchester. Mr. Eyton's name appears as a director of the Rhyl Winter Gardens, Aquarium, Land and Building Company Limited, and the possible withdrawal of his practical advice, for a time, from that directorate, might have the effect—only let us heartily hope not—of slightly delaying a scheme which promises so much for those who make Rhyl their summer retreat.

THE MANCHESTER SLAVE MARKET.

THE *Jackdaw*, ever on the wing in pursuit of knowledge interesting to its readers, made the round of the theatres, a few days ago, to pick up any unconsidered scraps relating to the pantomimes, and at one of them witnessed a sight that turned a stomach that may not be over squeamish. If the sight had been seen in Cairo, or in Charlestown ten years ago, it would have been described in glowing indignation by a virtuous press as a slave market of the most hateful type. Ranged in the capacious pit of the theatre stood rows and groups of young women—white slaves offering their persons for exhibition on hire—and before them two or three cynical-looking men, who criticised their points, and backed their opinions by a free handling of the subjects, which would scarcely have been tolerated, with regard to their cattle, by the exhibitors of fat-stock at the recent Pomona show. One was rejected for a clumsy ankle; another for a lanky leg; a third because she was flat-chested; and so on. So long as people will throng to see exhibitions of half-naked women, and, unhappily, girls, forced, we would fain hope, by their poverty rather than their will, to consent for hire to this melancholy means of earning a livelihood, we suppose that some preliminary inspection of candidates for the front row must be made. But it is not necessary that the inspector should be a man. There are modest women, who dance in ballet or walk in processions in a pantomime, to whom such an ordeal as we have described must be inexpressibly painful. Its hardening and blunting effect upon the careless is indescribable. If we cannot have legitimate drama, but an exhibition alternating between the music hall and the circus, on our once classic stage, may not this particular department we have described be relegated by even the most conscientious, painstaking, and enterprising manager to a mistress of the ballet?

CHESHIRE MAGISTRATES, COCKFIGHTING AND OTHER OFFENCES.

THE neighbouring county is rich in the possession of magistrates who keep their names pretty well before the public. The magistrates of Cheshire are pre-eminently distinguished for a love of what are called the good old English sports. They are of opinion, with Admiral Rous, that the practice of cockfighting is a noble and exhilarating pursuit, calculated to enrich the manly qualities of those witnessing it, elevate the moral susceptibilities, and restore the long lost national tone. This may be so, but we are inclined to think that cockfighting propensities can merely be quoted as a coincidence in the case of Mr. THOMAS ANTROBUS, of Reckery Hall, Bollington, near Macclesfield, whose strength and valour is so great that it gave no less than five persons great trouble, a short time since, to put the handcuffs on him. Of this gentleman, who still adorns the Cheshire Bench, more anon. We would, in the meantime, heartily congratulate the county of Cheshire on its magistrates, one of whom recently got off scot free after shooting a man, while to others belongs the proud distinction of having escaped justice in the matter of a recent gathering, whereat gamecocks were pitted freely against one another. We are also informed that the Noble Peer who issued gloriously from a window on that occasion was a Cheshire magnate. It was not in connection with these manly sports, however, that THOMAS ANTROBUS, Esq., J.P., after a severe struggle, came to grief. His offence was one which will probably

not raise him in the estimation even of Cheshire magistrates, and of which all the Manchester daily newspapers, save one, shrank from reporting the details. He has paid the penalty of this offence, namely, two pounds, and therefore we do not want to be hard upon him. If, however, Mr. Cross allows Mr. Antrobus to continue on the Bench, it is to be hoped that this magistrate will do as he has been done by, as a Christian (muscular, of the good old Cheshire sort) ought to do. It was rather hard on him though, after making him pay two pounds for what he did, to extort from him £25 more for assaulting the police. In dismissing THOMAS ANTROBUS, Esq., J.P., and the other members of the Bench, which is until further notice honoured by his presence, we cannot help complimenting the Manchester police magistrates on the nice discrimination and tact which shine forth in their remarkable decision in this truly remarkable case.

THAT FISHERMAN.

[BY A PHILOSOPHIC LUNATIC.]

THE winter sky was chill and grey,
Adown the vale I took my way,
Beside the river's lonely brink,
In solitude to muse and think.

No sign of life was there to see,
No bird was seen in bush or tree,
The river's voice was all that spoke,
No other sound the silence broke.

When suddenly, afar, I spied
An aged person by the tide,
And much I wondered there to see
That person sitting dolefully.

And coming nearer, I beheld
How in his hand a rod he held;
Moreover, I was fain to note,
His eyes were fixed upon a float.

Says I, "You lonesome, aged party,
Your aspect's anything but hearty,
It seems to me this kind of sport
Is not of an exciting sort."

That lonely fisher raised his eyes
In fretful haste, appealing-wise;

"I wish," says he, "that you'd be quiet,
How can they bite with all this riot?"

I sat me down upon the shore,
And watched him fish an hour or more;
At length I said, "It's very clear
There are not any fishes here."

Says he, "How can you go on so?
I caught one here not long ago;
No fishes! why, they're here in plenty,
I've caught a score since I was twenty."

For even when I was a boy
To fish it was my only joy;
And since the time I was a lad
Many a splendid bite I've had.

And every day I fish away,
From dewy morn to twilight grey;
Of late, my prospects have been bright—
Last week I had another bite.

And now I only have the wish
To live to catch another fish,
And then I'll lay my tackle by,
And go and die contentedly.

Now, when I heard that fisherman
Propose this most eccentric plan,
Thinks I, "It's useless to revile him,
He's just escaped from some asylum."

And so I feigned intense surprise,
And said to him in soothing wise,
Who would have thought there were so many!
It's glorious fun, I'll bet a penny.

"But now," I said, "how glad I'd be,
If you would take a walk with me,"—
In hopes that thus I might beguile him
Back to his Lunatic Asylum.

But even as I spoke a change
Came o'er his features weird and strange;
"Hooray!" says he, "I feel another,
I've got him! no, he's off, oh, bother!"

"That was the biggest fish," says he,
"That ever you or I did see,
I really made quite sure I'd got him,"
Says I, "that time it was the bottom."

This statement caused his gall to rise,
Says he, "you think you're very wise,
Allow me this remark to pass,
It's my belief that you're an ass."

This made me feel a little vexed,
And so I said, "I'm much perplexed
At how you managed to get out,
Whatever were your friends about?"

On hearing this, that fisher lone
Began exploring for a stone,
And guessing at his purpose dire,
I thought it prudent to retire.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A CARROT.

SUGAR can be extracted out of carrots, and why not sentiment? Although as far as I can see at present this sermon will shape itself, not into a sentimental but a political one. It is a remarkable instance of the superiority of nature over science, or, if you like better, of instinct over reason, that, long before men ever dreamed of associating a carrot with anything but boiled beef, the donkeys found out that carrots contained sugar. Now, why donkeys are fond of sugar I do not know, but I do know that among donkeys the appetite for any particular kind of food may be taken as convincing proof that that food is good for that animal. If you throw upon the ground, under a donkey's nose, a turnip and a carrot, the quadruped will neglect the former vegetable, and munch, with avidity, the latter. Then, if he cannot get any more carrots, he will turn his attention to the turnip. The political parallel to be drawn from this commonplace illustration is not, as you may suppose, that the British public are donkeys, but that they are fond of sweets. Hence it is that the menu of a political banquet invariably includes carrots as a principal dish. The carrot is an insidious dish. You get your sugar impalpably, as the donkey does, by the force of instinct. Now, what is instinct in a donkey or in a man I cannot tell you. I only know that donkeys and men are governed by it in far more similar proportions than are apparent to most philosophers. See the Liberal and Conservative leaders each hanging out their seductive carrots under the nose of that political donkey, the British public, the Radical turnip rolling in the mud under the donkey's feet. The donkey being a reasoning animal, according to his lights, and not able to ascertain, at a glance, the sugar-containing quantities of all carrots presented to him, chooses the largest. Oh, reason! oh, logic! unhappily for you the largest carrots do not contain the greatest amount of sugar. They are often past their prime and sapless. It is the sap that makes the sugar, you know. Still, as a general rule, the British political donkey will run after the largest carrot. Perhaps it smells more enticingly, who knows? Perhaps it is merely the size which allures, but the fact remains. The whole science of politics,

now-a-days, is but the practice of brandishing carrots under the nose of a donkey, and the donkey, always obedient to some mysterious instinct implanted in him, chooses the biggest vegetable. Should the Liberal carrot-bed be for a time scant and unprolific, then for the time the donkey chews patiently of the large and splendid assortment produced from the Conservative hot-beds. By-and-bye these Tory carrots grow old and tough and stringy, and in the meantime the Liberal carrots having reached maturity, the donkey cocks his ears, turns round, and attacks, assiduously, the supply offered by a Liberal purveyor. Thus it is that the government of this great country is carried on. The people are in the position of a donkey between two carrot-beds, and the Government and the Opposition hold the place of rival gardeners. Nature, however, holding the balance evenly, has ordained, with a view to the eternal perplexity of that donkey, that seasons shall vary, times change, and failures in the crop occur. Perplexity is the soul of politics, and is recognised as such by nature. Now, why all carrots are of the same colour, or at least sufficiently similar in colour to deceive a donkey, I do not know, unless the reason be that without deception there would be no politics, and without politics the British public would be about as miserable as a donkey debarred from carrots. If anyone tells me that there must be some donkeys who never taste carrots, I reply, that with those I have nothing to do, let them graze and be thankful.

HANDS UP IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

	Is the Co-	
	is	
Richard	Tick	Oakley
	Bank	
	Of London a Swindle?	
	Banner	
	18 p. c.	

WHAT IS A RADICAL?

ANSWER: A person who is neither a Liberal nor a Conservative. A person who is not ashamed to own and cherish publicly the whims and crotchets and doubts with which all men are plagued, but which the generality stamp down and repress, and even try to smother, as the worst part of their nature. It is in consequence of the truth of this definition that the few Radicals, who make any respectable ending at all, become either moderate and safe Liberals, like John Bright, or dwindle into impotent would-be disturbers of society, like Bradlaugh. Jacob Bright is a curious specimen of the man hanging, in a transition stage, between the two ends of Radicalism; inclined, anon, to go the whole hog, and get into bad company, and, anon, urged by his better angel to trample on the dangerous theories which have misled so many who have tried to find the root of political wisdom in their own lowest political instincts. Perhaps there is no person who makes so much noise in the world without being listened to as your Radical. His noise is a necessary evil among the great ramifications of public utterances which the tree of progress has put forth. He, above all others, invites argument, and, when he succeeds in getting an opponent, stifles all discussion by denying all premises whatever, human or divine. He will admit nothing, and believes in nothing, yet from nothing he will raise a fabric to astonish the universe. He will, out of the nothingness of his own beliefs, spin out projects which, in the twinkling of an eye, shall revolutionise humanity. All he wants for their accomplishment is that other people shall believe as he does. A modest proposal, truly worthy of the man who believes, with unconscious irony, that the universe is as empty as his own brain-pan. But there is some use in Radicalism, at least it helps to illustrate that principle which is begotten from want of principle, can only generate a kind of hybrid among political convictions, fit only for the purpose of a scarecrow.

A NEW NAME FOR THE DOCTORS.—Feesischians.

LOCAL AND MUNICIPAL GOSSIP.

[BY OUR OWN MAN BEHIND THE SCENES.]

WE shall soon be in the midst of the Christmas festivities. The season of the year when fearful sacrifices are made by Oldham-street drapers—the season which brings its inevitable bills and duns—"Messiah" concerts, and pantomimes. We shall be hearing soon the old story of the paupers in New Bridge Street being regaled with plum-pudding and a sermon from the Bishop; as Tom Hood sings—

"Full of drink, and full of meat,
On our Saviour's natal day;"
(Charity's perennial treat)
Thus I heard a pauper say:
"Ought not I to dance and sing,
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
Heigh ho!
I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year."

Most of us are in the habit, I know, of buying the various Christmas numbers which are now appearing every day. When they have been read or skimmed through they get thrown aside and destroyed. They might be put to a much better use—if sent to our hospitals they would be gladly received, and would lighten many tedious hours of our suffering brothers and sisters.

People with kind hearts, and I am sure there are many such amongst the readers of the *Jackdaw*, would do well to spend some of their spare cash in sending boxes of toys to the Clinical Hospital, in Park Place, York Street, Cheetham. The Christmas of many a poor little wan sufferer, who occupies a cot in that good institution, would be made very bright by the possession of a Noah's ark. The same is equally true of the Children's Hospital at Pendlebury. From inquiries I have made, I find that boxes of oranges, apples, and the like, will not be refused if sent to the following addresses, carriage paid:—

The Boys' Refuge, Frances Street Strangeways.

The Blue Coat School, Hunt's Bank.

The Jubilee School, New Bridge Street.

The Ardwick Green Industrial Schools.

The St. Joseph's Industrial Schools, Richmond Grove, Longsight.

I am a great admirer of Mr. Ruskin, and seeing from the *City News* that my favourite author's works had been made the theme of a paper by Mr. Charles Rowley, Junr., at a recent meeting of the Literary Club, I read an account of the proceedings. I was somewhat amused to find that after the paper had been read a conversation took place, and that these Literary Clubites were pleased to censure Mr. Ruskin's theories "as unsound, Utopian, and wholly impractical." Boswell once remarked of Dr. Johnson, "that if he told a tale about some small fishes, he would make them talk like big whales." Now, my friends who meet at the Clarence Hotel, on Tuesday evenings, try very hard to talk like big whales—but they don't quite manage it. Fancy Messrs. the Manchester Literary Club censuring the author of "The Stones of Venice."

I was in London the other day, and met the Town Clerk at Fenton's—Fenton's Hotel, St. James's, is a comfortable hostelry, where the cook is a jewel and the waiting *par excellence*. Sir Joseph will bear me out in this, for he has known Fenton's this many a year. The worthy knight told me a little story which is worth repeating. It seems that when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was about to enter the train, on his return to London, he very warmly thanked Mr. John William Maclure for his attachment and attention. "By the way, Maclure," said Sir Stafford, "is there nothing I can do for you in return?" The chairman of the Conservative party in Manchester smiled, and producing from his coat-tail pocket a prospectus of The Guardian Assurance Company said, "Thank you, Northcote. If the Government think of insuring the Suez Canal from fire, perhaps you'd remember the name of my company, and commission me to get you the policy." "I'll not forget," said the

Chancellor, pocketing the prospectus; and entering the train he kissed his hand affectionately to an illustrious group of friends who had escorted him to the station, comprising Messrs. R. T. Walker, Touchstone, Kenworthy, Bridgford, Griffin, &c., &c. Sir Joseph told me this story in his best style—adding, that "Maclure was always a good hand at looking after the main chance."

STUDIES AT THE AQUARIUM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

IV.—THE SHARK.

IT was a vessel in a storm;
'Tis hardly needful to inform
The reader (who is doubtless quick)
That all the passengers were sick.

One solitary passenger,
At least, was sick on board of her;
And this is not an inference,
But founded on experience.

This is the natural effect
On those who Nature's laws neglect—
She punishes the self-reliance
Of those who set her at defiance.

With sailors it is different,
For them the briny waves were meant;
If landsmen will not stop on shore,
They must endure affliction sore.

That solitary passenger
To whom the present lines refer
Was one who was, as you must own, a
Most interesting person—Jonah.

That storm was getting worse and worse,
The sailors all began to curse,
As sailors will—it drowns alarm,
And can't be said to do much harm.

Along the deck the landsman gropes,
And stumbles over coils of ropes;
He came to sea to please his whim—
Why should not sailors swear at him?

That landsman he is in the way—
Why should not sailors curse him, pray?
It is a safety-valve for their
Emotions rude, and so they swear.

And so the most unhappy fate
Of Jonah I will now relate:
The sailors cursed him for a lubber,
Till that poor soul began to blubber.

The sailors were not melted by
The luckless landsman's sophistry;
"He must have done some sin, if he,"
Said they, "has come from Nineveh."

"A ship with such a passenger,"
They said, "had something wrong with her;"
'Twas clearly needful to get rid
Of such a lubber, which they did.

And so they seized the prophet, who,
Aware what they were going to do,
Protested, struggled, prayed, and roared
In vain—they threw him overboard.

And now, in passing, we'll remark
That, if you will observe that shark,
You'll see his mouth, well stored with teeth,
Is placed his body underneath.

This strange formation is, they say,
Indicative of Nature's way;—
It gives the creature's prey a chance—
A providential circumstance.

Its prey, in order to attack,
That shark must turn upon its back,
And while he's turning upside down,
That shark is of his meal done brown.

But, firstly, Jonah could not swim,
A fact that played the deuce with him;
Moreover, he was not aware
That that voracious beast was there.

There was a gurgle and a groan, a
Despairing splash, and where was Jonah?
The greedy shark had scarce espied him
Before that prophet was inside him.

And yet that monster must have known a
Good deal about the prophet Jonah;
'Tis very certain that he knew him,
He swallowed him, but did not chew him.

Three days and nights within that shark
The prophet shuddered in the dark;
And his position being such,
I cannot think he liked it much.

At last the shark he said, "Come, come, it
Is getting tedious, I must vomit;
The shore is very near at hand,
I'll throw him up upon the land."

And this he did, and Jonah swore
He'd never go to sea no more;
This resolution was not plucky,
But still, you see, he'd been unlucky.

Some say it was a whale that followed
The ship, and that poor prophet swallowed;
To say so is of no avail,
For Mother Nature made that whale.

Its mouth is small, its gullet thin,
It would not let a herring in;
A sprat would choke it, let alone a
Large mouthful like the prophet Jonah.

The context merely says "a fish;"
And now, although I do not wish
To make dogmatical remarks,
I'll just suggest those fish were sharks.

SPELLING BEE IN MANCHESTER.

ON Wednesday night last a gigantic spelling bee was held at the Town Hall, in this city, Sir Joseph Heron acting as interrogator. The first word submitted to the competitors was "hospitality." His worship the Mayor made numerous attempts to get over the word without a hitch, but failed until the Town Clerk helped him. Several city Councillors made a sad mess of the word, most of them dropping the first letter as if it was red hot; and an ex-councillor, with sporting predilections, was pulled up suddenly by the interrogator after producing a sound extremely like "horsepitality." The Bishop successfully essayed the spelling of the word "sermon," though, from the ceremonious way in which he shaped his mouth, everybody thought he was going to spell "speech." The Dean managed "ritualism" without bending; and Father Gadd created immense amusement by spelling "peace"—"peas." An Orangeman, more distinguished for delicacy of sentiment than for Christian charity, spelt his name "Tear," but wasn't accorded a prize, as he had omitted the final E, being ashamed of it. Mr. Coathupe was the successful competitor in the word "sheepzed," but was pretty closely followed by several of our able detective officers. "Vat" fell respectively to Alderman Willert; "Dozer," to Councillor Goldschmidt; "Gush," to Councillor Rose; "Walker," to Councillor Brierley; "Vorkhouse" puzzled Mr. Leppoe a little; "Fillandropist," we need hardly say, could only be spelt by our distinguished Local Philanthropist, whose virtues have at last been discovered by the Jewishish Chronicle. "Super-

cilliousness" seemed familiar to Mr. Hardcastle, M.P.; "Liberalism," apparently, had never been heard of before by the members of the Reform Club; Mr. Cawley was singularly sprightly in overcoming the difficulties of "Twaddle," and generously undertook to spell "long-windedness." This led to a brilliant contest, in which the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. J. A. Bremner, Alderman Baker, Ex-Councillor Walker, Councillor Griffin, Mr. Raper, and Mr. Fuller (of Chorlton Board of Guardians) distinguished themselves. The Town Clerk reserved this prize, on the advice of Mr. Fox Turner, who expressed his belief that Sir Joseph would have been entitled to it, had his modesty allowed him to have been a competitor. Miss Becker brought a highly satisfactory meeting to a close by sticking at "spinster."

HAL O' THE WYND.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

THIS gentleman may be called the only serious contributor on our list, with the exception of the Bishop of Manchester. All the rest may be said to have no convictions, and to be utterly devoid of principle. They will write anything which occurs to them, or which is suggested to them so long as it makes folks laugh; and after all this latter is the great desideratum in a humorous and satirical journal. Hence it is that our politics remain undiscovered and undiscoverable; it is our profession to be "scurrilous," irrespective of politics, and we glory in it. People write to us, and call us "scurrilous," using a word in their indignation of whose meaning they are profoundly ignorant. If it be scurrilous to laugh all round ourselves, and cause laughter in others; to have a hit at everybody, and bear malice against nobody; then we own ourselves scurrilous, otherwise we repudiate the word with indignation and contempt, content to come under the vials of wrath of those who have not a joke in their composition. We are unprincipled, however, all of us, with one exception. We warn our readers never to believe a single word in this journal to be uttered in downright earnest, unless it come under the signature of Hal o' the Wynd. Hal o' the long Wynd we call him, in hasty hours of relaxation snatched from the toil of joke-making. Well, he is certainly long-winded, and must occasionally try the reader's patience sorely, but for all that he is terribly and grimly in earnest is Hal. We had serious thoughts, at one time, of treating him as Ab-o'-th'-Yate does, hebdomadally, his dramatic critic, and repudiating his opinions in a complimentary notice at the head of each article. We prefer, however, taking the present course. Hal o' the Wynd, as any reader will see, is a staunch Conservative. His gallant advocacy of the maintenance of the Church and the constitution of these realms must commend itself to the admiration of a party with which we are as unwilling to identify ourselves as we are with the other and opposing one. We firmly believe that our valuable contributor would rather perish than pen a sentence of democratic tendencies. He belongs to the old-fashioned school of penmen, who believe that no man has a right to put his convictions in his pocket, or turn his coat inside out so that the cloth may not be contaminated in the search for filthy lucre. It is very rarely that an Irishman (for from that country our contributor springs) is found to display this steadfastness of purpose, and earnestness of conviction. Irishmen, as a body, are not remarkable for steadfastness, and in their code, as a general rule, principle is the synonym for self-seeking, and patriotism for self-advantage. Such as he is, however, "No surrender" is the motto of Hal o' the Wynd, a motto which we firmly believe he would utter at the stake with cheerfulness if necessary, and if it were customary now-a-days to burn a Tory in any other way than in effigy. Tory he is, and Tory he must remain. In earnest he is, and as such we commend his productions to our readers, begging them, however, to bear in mind that his opinions must by no means be identified with those of this journal. To assume that we have any other province or desire than to make folks laugh honestly, with an occasional dose of discretion between the lines, would be to appreciate badly enough our efforts. Long, therefore, may Hal o' the Wynd continue to fight "for his own hand" in the columns of the *City Jackdaw*! only we warn him that if he continues at the rate at which he has been going on lately his "copy" will have to be cut down.



WHAT SAYS HE? CAW!

Cowper.

MR. COATHUPE, Deputy Chief Constable, has been fearfully wiggled for his share in the Dorset Street mystery.

He says people oughtn't have their Dorset open when they roast the bones of a sheep's head, and then policemen wouldn't get their bull's-eyes upon them.

There's no doubt the police acted *bonâ fide* in their attempts to make a murder out of the affair.

When the rest of the sheep was discovered in several pantries in the neighbourhood, it seemed to be dreadfully cut up.

A rolling-pin, a hatchet, and a most formidable-looking coal-hammer were discovered next door to the house in which the tragedy occurred.

The owner evidently feels the honour of his sheep popularity.

Professor Watson, of Owens College, submitted the malar bones to microscopic examination, but was unable to say whether they were those of a malar female.

Sheep's heads were not to be had for love or money on Saturday last, in Hulme, being bought up by direction of Captain Palin, for fear they should injure the feelings of the detectives.

A gentleman at Withington has become alarmed at the vigilance of the police, and has had two whale jaw-bones buried, in the hope that the police will say that something or somebody's been whale-laid.

Several of the attorneys practising at the County Court have just taken to wear black gowns, and look wonderfully like jackdaws with bald pates.

The wearing of the gowns ex-skull-pate them from any danger of being thought to be lawyers' clerks.

We were under the impression that Mr. Registrar Kay was a Conservative, but he has lately developed an extraordinary Wig tendency. Kay-toosle-em.

At the Mayor's house, at dinner, the other evening, his Excellency Mr. Ward said something in French to Mr. Councillor W. Brown, who instantly fell into a passion, and yelled out, at the top of his voice, "What menu, sir?"

There's no ice at the Cheetham Hill skating rink, but people encourage each other to think there is by frequent shouts of "I say!"

Mr. Muirhead writes to tell us that stags are going to be very dear this Christmas, but he intends to send us a haunch, venison's got time to select a good one.

When Sir Stafford Northcote was in the post-office, the other day, Mr. Beaufort, the postmaster, said a new office ought to be erected in at least two years. Sir Stafford winked, and said "Bo! forty."

Correspondents are quarrelling in the *Examiner* about breeches of promise. If they were married, they'd always quarrel in private.

A working man, in one of the dailies, says it's impossible for him, after his day's work, to go in for a study of Plato and Bacon. We should think so: only he might drop the "and," and go in for a Plato' Bacon with an appetite.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

BY the fire's dim spark,
As I dreaming sit,
Shades vague and dark
Wavering flit.
All's still in sleep,
Quiet as the grave,
Save the moaning deep
Of the distant wave.
Through the lattice seen,
Pallid and cold;
The moonlight's sheen
Rests on the wold.
In the silent sky,
Clear and far,
Glitters on high
Each lonely star.
In the shade of the hill
The rushing stream,
By day all still,
Now loud doth seem.
Still as the stream—
Dim as the star,—
In day's full gleam
My fancies are.
The star as bright—
The stream as near,—
At dead of night
Visions appear.

LIBERALISM, AWAKE!

LIBERALISM, after all, is not dead; it only sleepeth—at least so says Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., the distinguished member for Stockport. Many of us may wonder as to Mr. Hopwood's knowledge, but he speaks with such an authority that it would almost be a sin to doubt the truth of his assertion. He tells us that the Liberal party is beginning to look up, not because it was necessary to re-organise upon any uniform pattern or standard, but because the party had recognised the necessity for the widest room for thought, the greatest vigour, and the strongest personal independence on the part of each member. Of course after Mr. Hopwood had acknowledged this awakening of the Liberals, he proceeded to explain how the Tories were kept alive; and everybody will be glad to hear that the learned Q.C., speaking from experience, gives Mr. Disraeli the credit of being able to pull the strings of his supporters as if they were puppets. For ourselves, we think Mr. Disraeli ought to be thanked, instead of blamed, for keeping his party in order; or else how could the country have been benefited by the splendid measures passed during the last session. Isn't it better that a man with a head on his shoulders should pull the strings of the Conservatives in Parliament, than that a host of

so-called nobodies, Radicals, and Liberals, out of Parliament, should pull the strings and break up a party like that to which Mr. Hopwood belongs, and send him out upon the world wailing and mourning, a member of Parliament in truth, but without the capacity of putting a single opinion of his own into force, owing to there being not the slightest shadow of unity among Liberals.

ON TOBACCO.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

FOR many a year, I ween,
I have loved that soothing weed,
On many a day my lips between,
By friends and foes has my pipe been seen—
I'm a lover of smoking, indeed.

It led me on my way,
As the ancient Israelite
Was led on his travels, so they say,
By a pillar of smoke throughout the day,
And a beacon of fire by night.

Now when my doctor swears
The secret of all my woe
Is just that weed that banished my cares,
My pleasure in life away he scares,
By going and talking so.

I thought it the only thing
That ever agreed with me;
And now to be told it's the root and spring
Of all my sorrow and suffering,
Is rather a pull, you see.

I suppose that he ought to know,
For if he doesn't, who should?
And yet as a quiet cloud I blow,
My outward symptoms seem to show
That the process does me good.

I possibly may be wrong,
And the doctor may be right;
But then I have a conviction strong
That the habit I have indulged so long
Will do me no harm to-night.

I don't know how he can tell
That a pipe isn't good for me,
He only does it, I think, to sell
His drugs, or in order that he may swell
The size of his quarterly fee.

Then let him preach if he list,
I still my baccy will prize;
With pipe or cigar within my fist,
I'm as jolly a chap as could well exist,
Although I may not be wise.

'Tis good to be merry and wise,
As to own I am not loth,
But if to be so a mortal tries,
He'll find very often to his surprise
That he can't very well be both.

PUNS FROM THE PANTOMIMES.

OUR theatrical critic, exercising his usual prerogative, has obtained access to the MSS. of the three Christmas pantomimes to be produced in Manchester, and respectfully suggests to the management that the following atrocious references should be struck out:—

At the Royal, in *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*, OR *HARLEQUIN PRINCE AZOR*, a City Councillor is made to quote from Shakspeare's "Azor Like It." The properties are by Messrs. Labhardt, and the Beauty is requested by a German Jew on becoming acquainted with the fact, to "Lab-hardtily." Babies in arms are told that they oughtn't to be brought to the theatre so early, as the "Farnieaceous food" they get there will spoil their

"di-jestion." The manager is made a sad butt of, for when he is asked whether he is not in favour of having a little more drapery put on the ladies' calves, he "Sidney." One pretty good pun, which we needn't point out, as it will be so obvious to everybody, has altogether been omitted from the libretto. The *première danseuse*, who we know is a most graceful creature, bears the euphonious name of Maddle. Betty Rigl. Just try to pronounce it.

At the Prince's, in *ALADDIN*, unnecessary reference is made to Mr. Jackson (the Widow Souchong) as "a-lad-in" woman's clothes. When the silver cataract of real water in the crypt of a million crystals is produced, it's too bad to announce to any member of the Manchester Corporation who may be present in the gallery, "that the waters are crypt from their mains."

TWINKLE! TWINKLE! *LITTLE STAR*, OR *HARLEQUIN KING ARTHUR*, at the Queen's, is sure to be a little misty; but is it fair to disfigure the nursery rhyme in this way?—

Twinkle! Twinkle! little star,
Oh, we wonder what you are,
Up above the sky so high—
Do, have a bitter if you're dry.

IS DRUNKENNESS PREVENTIBLE?

IN the Salford Workhouse there died, a few days ago, a man named Evan Jeffries, who is said to have been one of the most notorious drunkards in this district. He had been 173 times before the Salford magistrates for drunkenness, and during the last twenty-six years he had rarely been out of gaol for more than a few days together. While in prison he was industrious, and, of course, sober. Will anybody, after this, say that drunkenness is not preventible? Doesn't this case furnish the temperance advocates with an irresistible argument in favour of compulsion? Let a law be passed sending everyone to prison who is in the least addicted to drinking habits, and then the community would be sober, if not absolutely teetotal. The only fear there would be is that the publicans, failing to find customers, would adopt drinking habits themselves. This is also preventible. Let them be subject to the same law, and in time the members of the trade, instead of being a burden to the State, would become industrious, and a profit might be reaped from their labours while they were in durance vile. Only, what would become of the land-ladies and barmaids?

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD AND OPEN CONFESSION.

FATHER GADD, you are the Bishop of Salford's keeper, and we think we are justified in asking you either to make his lordship give us a satisfactory explanation of a statement he is reported to have uttered, or put him under penance for a month. The Bishop was present at the distribution of prizes to the children of St. John's Schools, on Saturday, and these are the words which are said to have fallen from his mouth:—"Now, should he analyse the motive why many children had not been presented? Should he tell them the reason why certain teachers and managers had not presented the children? Should he bring it all before them? Should he have a thorough examination of conscience in public?—He did not think they would examine their consciences in public this time." Now, Father Gadd, do you think this sort of badinage ought to be allowed from a Bishop who, in conformity with the Roman Catholic faith, has most persistently advocated that open confession is not good for the soul? If Herbert of Salford is going to admit that private confession can be dispensed with, why he might as well at once say so, and the Bishop of Manchester, no doubt, would willingly leave the two dioceses in his hands, and retire to his old country parsonage in Berkshire. The Dean and Canon Woodward, possibly, might try to fill his lordship's old shoes in Salford, but it's only the Protestant Committee of Manchester who say it, and no doubt their wish is father to the thought.

TIGHT LACING.

THE question of tight lacing by ladies has again cropped up, and I learned disquisitions on the dangers of it have been pointed out by leader writers, and preachers in their pulpits, until the subject promises to be one of the topics of the day. But, after all, this is only one of the phases of tight lacing which abounds in the world. Tight lacing is simply a process which people have to resort to in order to keep up certain appearances. You may see it everywhere. The stout old alderman, whom you see riding in his chariot, regularly adopts a system of tight lacing. Its effect is not to taper down his waist; on the contrary, it expands it. Eating and drinking immoderately is a species of tight lacing, let those deny it who will. But it is as essential for an alderman to have a good corporation, as it is for a fine lady to have a waspish waist. Both suffer from the consequences: though the one may take the form of apoplexy, and the other strangulation. Tight lacing has an infinite variety of complexions. A selfish man may apply the process to his purse, and starve his wife and family. A poor man may apply the tight lacing process just as the alderman does, and, through the liquor shop, reduce his belongings to such attenuated dimensions that it is impossible for them to live. The Bishop of Salford teaches a creed which is undoubtedly a doctrine of tight lacing, for its application strangles free thought, and makes the human judgment stunted and impoverished. In like manner Sir Joseph Heron has reduced the dignity of city councillors by tight lacing, and men who, some years ago, had fine-proportioned political and municipal ribs of their own, now feel, under his gentle treatment, that they cannot breathe freely, so firm have the laces been strung. The wholesale condemnation, however, of tight lacing ought not to be accepted, for in the latter instance it has, in the interests of the community, been found to work well. The Bishop of Manchester has not yet seen the necessity of applying the process to his waste (of words), and, until he does, we are afraid there's no possible hope of our witnessing a diminution of the colossal proportions of his utterances.

MAYORAL HOSPITALITY AND THE SHEEP'S-HEAD MYSTERY.

The Mayor entertained at his residence, on Wednesday evening last, &c.—See newspaper reports.

SCENE.—The Mayor's Dining-room: Company at dinner.

The Mayor. Things are awfully dull in Manchester just now. Upon my word, I wish something startling would turn up to keep us alive. Pass the sherry, Cowie.

The Dean of Manchester. So do I. Why, even the Pothouse Protestants seem to have exhausted their wrath upon me, and we're all going to turn out a happy family soon. By the way, Mr. Ingham, does the Licensing Act work well?

Councillor Ingham. Splendidly.

The Dean. I suppose your customers go home earlier than they used?

The Town Clerk. Oh, yes! but they manage to consume the same amount of drink as before. Don't they, Ingham?

Councillor Ingham. Oh, yes!

The Town Clerk. I can tell that without any difficulty, for lots of the aldermen and councillors turn up with their heads in slings at the committees in the morning.

Alderman Grundy. Now, Heron, don't tell stories out of school. I've seen you look dry the morning after you were at the Mayor's.

The Town Clerk. Oh, I daresay! but that was generally after seeing a bishop or an alderman home.

Alderman Bake. In a cab. I suppose you'd have to pay double fare for them?

The Town Clerk. Never paid double fare in my life. There's not a cabman in Manchester who wouldn't drive me for the honour of the thing at the usual fares, especially when they know how I blow you up in the

Hackney Coach Committee. Mr. Coathupe (Deputy Chief Constable of Manchester), I look towards you.

Mr. Coathupe. The honour I appreciate.

The Town Clerk. You seem to be enjoying your dinner.

Mr. Coathupe. I am, I assure you.

The Town Clerk. Why, you seem to stick to that dish very closely.

Mr. Coathupe. Always had a weakness for sheep's head.

The Town Clerk. Oh! so I told the cook when the Mayor said he intended to invite you. Is there anything startling at the detective office to-day?

Mr. Coathupe. I should think there was. Haven't you heard of the Dorset Street tragedy? [*Whispers.*]

The Town Clerk. Lor' bless me! you alarm me. Upon my word, Mr. Mayor, but there has been something startling in Manchester. Why, the remains of the most handsome woman ever seen in our city have been discovered burnt up in a house in Dorset Street.

Omnes. Never!

Mr. Coathupe. Nothing left but the malar bones, which were almost reduced to ashes, and two hairs out of a chignon.

The Mayor. Has the lady been identified?

The Town Clerk. Oh, yes; at least the detectives are quite sure they'll be able to trace her belongings.

The Dean. Why, you frighten me. A nip of brandy, Mr. Mayor. Was there any offensive weapon found in the place?

Mr. Coathupe. Oh, yes; several paving stones in the back yard, which we had dug up.

The Town Clerk. Didn't you say something about a butcher's —?

Mr. Coathupe. Certainly. I found it myself.

The Mayor. It's fearful. Was't a formidable weapon?

Mr. Coathupe. Very.

The Town Clerk. A butcher's wooden skewer.

The Mayor. Ah! this comes of the Whitechapel tragedy. The police must keep a sharp look-out, at present, for murders are fearfully rife. I say, Mr. Dean, you look pale.

The Dean. Oh no, my dear Mr. Mayor, not at all. [*Aside.*] Great goodness! I hope there's no suspicion that I bribed anyone to murder the chairman of the Protestant committee.

Mr. Coathupe. But you needn't alarm yourselves any further, as I expect the detectives here every moment with the report of the professors of Owens College as to the remains.

Councillor Ingham. Then let's fall to our muttons again.

Mr. Coathupe. To our sheep's head. Ah! here's the report.

Enter Servant, and presents document.

The Town Clerk. The police have been awfully prompt in this matter.

Mr. Coathupe. They have; and if we don't get our salaries increased, why, I don't think there'll be another murder discovered in Manchester. [*Reads.*] Sheep's head.

The Mayor. I am sorry to say it's all gone.

Mr. Coathupe. Gone! Would that we had never seen the sheep's head.

The Mayor. Sir, you insult me at my own table.

The Town Clerk. Good gracious! how he changes colour. Bless my heart! he isn't going to exterminate the Mayor's guests with the jaw bone of a sheep's head? My dear Coathupe, I thought you always liked sheep's head. Why this sudden change?

Mr. Coathupe. Read! read!

The Town Clerk [*reading*]. Owens College; Wednesday night; bones submitted are those of a sheep's head. The principal of the college is having them boiled for supper. Professor Wilkins intends to lecture to the ladies on "sheep's head broth" as a substitute for English history.

The Mayor. Well, this is a mare's nest.

The Town Clerk. So it is a Mayor's nest, and as we've got Coathupe here to-night after his brilliant discovery, let's roast him. I propose his

jolly good health, and as he can't give us a murder, let's have a song from him.

Mr. Coathupe. Certainly, gentlemen. Please to take up the chorus :

Air: "Guy Fawkes."

I sing a dreadful tragedy,
Which happened out in Hulme, sirs,
And over all the city spread
A most depressing gloom, sirs;
That is, a gloom it would have spread,
As I proceed to tell, sirs,
But folks they only laughed instead,
And said it was a sell, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Fast flew the dread intelligence
Of this occurrence savoury,
And straight the services were sought
Of famed Inspector Maybury;
That is, we should have sought his aid
If he had been at hand, sirs,
He's missing since the mess he made
About the Fenian band, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

So I, myself, in duty bound,
Became investigator,
And very quickly traced the crime
Unto its perpetrator;
That is, the crime I did not trace,
In spite of all my digging,
And for my pains I've only got
A most infernal wiggling.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Those cinders gathered carefully
We took unto the station,
And buried them most prayerfully,
With proper veneration;
That is, we would have buried them,
And with those bones the story,
A tale, indeed, that does not much
Redound unto our glory.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

But now from Owens College came
Of learned men a score, sirs,
And each a grave and anxious look
Of those professors bore, sirs;
That is, they didn't quite look grave
When eyeing those remains, sirs,
For soon they found the traces of
A burnt sheep's head and brains, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

So ends the dreadful story which
I've truthfully related,
And to the best of my small powers
To music have translated;
That is, I wish it would so end,
Although I greatly fear, sirs,
It will among the Force descend
A jest from year to year, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIMITED LIABILITY COURTING.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—Will you allow me space in your valuable paper for the exposition of a plan which has been reeking in my brain for some time, and which will probably, if universally adopted, go far to abolish from our law courts the odious and increasing evil of actions for breach of promise. Matrimony, sir, is a speculation—everybody will admit that; and the fact that every young lady is in want of a husband, balanced against the fact that there

are many young gentlemen who do not want wives, makes the speculation all the more interesting and complicated. Now, sir, I have a plan to propose, which will make the speculation on the lady's side absolutely secure. Let each young lady, widow, or other marriageable female in these realms, before she consents to receive any "attention" from any gentleman, apportion herself into shares, payable by calls, as in ordinary business transactions. For instance, Miss A. considers herself worth in the case of an action at law—taking wounded affections, &c., into consideration—five hundred pounds. Very well; all she has to do is to resolve herself into a limited liability company, with one hundred shares of five pounds each, payable: on deposit so much, on allotment so much, and the rest by special agreement. The first deposit to be paid on application; that is, on the first introduction between the parties. A squeeze of the hand might be taken to signify allotment, and so on, until the final bargain is perfected by matrimony. No return of money, paid either on application or allotment, or otherwise, should in any case be granted. I flatter myself that the adoption of this proposal would put courtship among young people upon a much safer and better basis than that occupied by it at present. There would be no more breach of promise cases, because if a young lady were soft enough to give her lover tick, it would clearly be her own look out; heartless bachelors would be held to their bargains, and others would be deterred from entering rashly on bargains which they might subsequently regret.—Yours respectfully,

A. M. CATNAB.

THE SHOCKING DISCOVERY OF REMAINS IN MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—Having read the able report of this dreadful and distressing circumstance in the *Evening Mail*, last week, I write to say how very creditable it is to the police to have made such a discovery. As long as there is an able and intelligent person like Mr. Coathupe near the head of the force, the safety of our wives and children is carefully looked after. I have great pleasure in announcing that I have presented Mr. Coathupe with a pair of spectacles, and that I am sending round a gross or two to the Town Hall, to be distributed among the rest of the force at the discretion of Captain Palin.—I am, yours, &c.,

A. ARONBERG.

THAT ENTICING BANK.

We clip from the *Manchester Examiner*, no less, the following advertisement:—

CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT BANK OF LONDON.—Wanted, responsible AGENTS for the Principal Towns in Lancashire and Cheshire (Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool excepted); permanent; salary and commission; silence a negative.—Address, with testimonials, which will be severely tested, H. M., 2, Devonshire Place, Hyde Road, Ardwick, Manchester.

We take it for granted that this refers to the same bank which represents, or is represented by, Mr. Richard Banner Oakley, recently bankrupt, and now paying, or about to pay, a composition of 5s. in the pound to his creditors.

It is curious, though, that this snake in the grass (scotched, not killed) should appear, of all places in the world, and voluntarily, in the columns of the *Examiner* and *Times*. A correspondent writes to ask, "is the five shillings in the pound to be paid out of money enticed from people's pockets by the plausible bait of eighteen per cent?" We do not know, but from recently reported proceedings we gather that Mr. Oakley has no personal assets whatever from which the money can come. We infer that Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool, are already rich in the possession of "agents" for this most enticing bank. It was one of these very agents, if we mistake not, who was mixed up in a recent discreditable mining case. Perhaps the *Examiner* will kindly throw a light on our correspondent's question. In the meantime, we quote the advertisement under notice as probably the greatest example of impudent perseverance in the annals of speculation, if the word "speculation" may be rightly used in connection with Mr. Oakley's proceedings.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

PERHAPS the easiest of all ways of making poetry is to clip the verses of some other poet from a newspaper and publish them as if they were your own. I have known this method to be very successfully practised, and the poetry thus obtained will probably be better than any you can make yourself. I would not, however, advise the poet to resort to this process unless he is hard up; because he loses the advantage of the practice which would result from the manufacture of those lines. This poet, for instance, requires a lot of practice before he becomes perfect:—

MORAL SONG.

How doth my little puppy dog,
Impulsive wag his tail;
When eager to consume the prog,
I bring him in a pail.
His body sways from side to side,
He jumps about in glee,
With joy he tries in vain to hide,
(He's but a dog you see).
It is a touching thing to find
Such gratitude in beasts;
Just watch him eating, now, but mind,
Don't touch him while he feasts.
For if that grateful dog you touch,
Which lies and chaws its bone;
I think you'll say you'd better much
Have let that dog alone.
One touch of nature, thus you see,
Doth make the whole world kin;
That dog if interrupted be,
To growl will straight begin.
He's eating with an appetite,
So mind what you're about!
If interrupted he will bite,
As you will soon find out.
The moral of these few remarks
To your good sense appeals;
The hungry dog with joy who barks,
Is surly at his meals.

I must say that I cannot see the moral, which is the chief fault I have to find with this poem.

THE TRUE STORY OF MANLEY HALL.

We have been requested to publish the following correspondence:—

House of Commons, June 10th.

Dear Sir,—If you want to get the public into a scheme you must put in a lot of sentiment, Christian philanthropy, and so on. I know just the man for you. Has studied humbug for years. Shall I see him?—Yours truly,
D. CHADWICK.

Manley Hall, June —.

Dear Sir,—Is he solvent as well as a Christian? if so, communicate with him. I depend on you.—Yours truly,
ELLIS LEVER.

House of Commons, June —.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Fuller says he is solvent, and I always take the word of a Christian. Will send him down. He has all the London capitalists in his pocket.—Yours truly,
D. CHADWICK.

Manley Hall, September —.

Dear Sir,—Very disappointed about Fuller; has humbugged everybody all round (except the public) myself included. Do you call this Christian conduct? And now I am left with the estate on my hands, for which I gave —. And I am sure I don't know what I shall do with it now, unless I can get another company to relieve me of it for the good of their fellow-citizens.—Yours truly,
ELLIS LEVER.

Prince's Gate, London, November —.

Dear Sir,—As I see the thing looks rather shaky use my name freely for shares. Please contradict rumours about our dealings in the matter. You can put it any way you like, only don't forget to mention the sum which you paid me as agreed on, viz., —.—Yours truly,
SAMMY.

† Here are some figures very much blotched, so that we cannot make them out.—Ed.
‡ These figures are blurred.—Ed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

In the Streets (J. L.).—A very low story. There is something wrong with your upper story we suspect.

A. J. Tank.—We do not want to be cantankerous, but you are very dry.

A. M. (Longsight).—To comply with your request would be a short-sighted policy on our part.

Subscriber.—You must be content with your present privilege.

H. F..—This is the third time. Being now acquainted with your handwriting, we find our work considerably simplified.

M. K..—The question has been answered upwards of a thousand times we should think, which is a sufficient answer for you, though we do not undertake to answer questions at all; we find it doesn't answer.

Una.—UNAcceptable.

Helicon.—It is in the hands of our own poet, who has permission to say just what he like on it.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS A BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF

BRONZED ORNAMENTS,

HALL, DINING, AND DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, WEATHER GLASSES,

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